IL FLAUTO MAGICO,

THE MUSIC BY MOZART,

As represented at the London Italian Opera-Houses,

WITH

AN ENGLISH VERSION,

AND

THE MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS.

LONDON:
DAVIDSON'S MUSICAL OPERA-BOOKS,
THE MUSIC-PUBLISHING COMPANY, 167 HIGH HOLBORN, W. C.
AND TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MUS
Bryan.4595
CF000519204
B.N.C.F.

ARGUMENT.

This Opera is founded on circumstances connected with the mysterious worship of Isis, the deity of the ancient Egyptians. The action of the piece is consequent upon Sarastro, the High Priest of the Temple of Isis, having borne away Pamina, the daughter of Astriffiammante, the Queen of Night, from her mother, in order that she may be trained in the ways of virtue, and prevented from following the evil example of a vicious parent. The Queen of Night is doubly incensed by Sarastro, inasmuch as he not only retains her daughter, but also has possession of the sacred symbol of the sun, which she anxiously desires to possess, and by the agency of which he is all-powerful.

At the commencement of the first act, Tamino, an Egyptian prince, pursued by a serpent, falls fainting near the entrance to the temple of the Queen of Night. Three Lady Attendants of the Queen kill the serpent whilst Tamino lies senseless, all three becoming mutually inspired with admiration for the handsome prince. They retire, however, on the approach of Papageno, a garrulous birdcatcher, who complacently receives the thanks of Tamino for having destroyed the serpent, without any real claim to the merit of the act. The Ladies re-appear, place a padlock on the lips of Papageno, as a punishment for his want of candour, and present to Tamino a portrait of Pamina, the Queen's daughter, for whom he immediately conceives the deepest love; and he is afterwards led by the Queen of Night to believe that, if he can succeed in rescuing her daughter from the power of Sarastro, his affection may be rewarded by possessing the original of the portrait. Tamino is presented with a golden flute, the sound of which will safely guide him through danger's trials. Papageno, having had the padlock removed, is cautioned to be more truthful in future, and presented with a small wooden flute, and a set of bells, which, on being sounded, possess the magic power of disarming all anger against their possessor: he is then made to accompany Tamino in his expedition. Papageno obtains access to the abode of Sarastro, and a mutual panic is produced between him and Monostatos (the black chief of the slaves in whose care Pamina is placed), each taking the other for the Devil, and running off in different directions. Papageno afterwards recognizes Pamina by her portrait. Tamino, guided by three Genii, presents himself at the gates of the Temple of Wisdom, and is informed by an aged Priest that he labours under a delusion respecting Sarastro's motives. Left alone in despair, some unknown voices inform him that Pamina still lives, and that he will soon behold her. Somewhat comforted by this assurance, he plays on his magic flute, and is immediately answered by Papageno playing on his, for whom he goes in search. Papageno and Pamina enter in flight, and are captured by Monostatos and subordinate slaves. Sarastro then enters, on a splendid car, attended by a numerous train, and endeavours to comfort Pamina by promising never to constrain her affections. Tamino is next brought on by Monostatos, and immediately recognizes Pamina—who also intuitively recognizes him as the object of her affection—and both eagerly advance as if to embrace, but are forcibly kept asunder by Monostatos, who is ordered by Sarastro to receive, as a reward for his officious conduct, seventy-seven stripes of the bastinado. The two lovers are, by Sarastro's direction, covered with a veil, previous to entering the temple of probation for the purpose of purification, and with him go off in his car.

The second act commences by Sarastro and his Priests invoking the deities Isis and Osiris to assist the lovers, and enable them to cast aside the veil of darkness and vice, and guide them to the sanctuary of virtue and light. Tamino and Pagageno are brought on, and the former on being questioned as to the motives of his intrusion, replies that they are love and friendship, and that he is prepared to submit to every sacrifice, even loss of life itself, in pursuit of them. The latter being asked if he can learn wisdom by experience, flatly replies that he is in no need of wisdom, can get on best without any, but that he would have no objection to a pretty little wife! and would undertake to restrain his tongue within bounds if such an one could be provided for him. Both prince and follower are then told that, by way of test, they shall see the objects of their loves, but must not speak to them. Tamino and Papageno, on being left by themselves, are visited by the three Ladies of the Queen of Night, who strive in vain to induce them to leave the temple of Sarastro. The scene now changes to a garden, in which Pamina is discovered sleeping, with Monostatos gazing in rapture on her charms. He is about to kiss the sleeper, when the Queen of Night rises, and bids him stand off. She tells her daughter to hate Sarastro, gives her a dagger, and bids her kill him and seize the sacred symbol of the sun. Vowing that under these conditions only could Tamino ever become hers, she departs. Monostatos next proposes to Pamina that, if she will return his love, he will take Sarastro's life: on her refusal, he determines to kill her, and is about to do so when prevented by Sarastro, at whose feet he falls. Sarastro comforts Pamina with the assurance that the gods, to preserve her, removed her from her mother, and that, if Tamino can withstand the trials by which he is tested, she shall be united to him. Tamino and Papageno are next discovered in a hall, in which is a table with refreshments: here they have restored to them, by the three Genii, the flutes and bells which had been taken from them. Tamina plays his flute

whilst Papageno tastes the wines. Pamina enters, and affectionately addresses the prince; but he resolutely obeys the injunction laid on him, and returns no answer. On her departure, Papageno boastfully declares he knows how to hold his tongue, and actively renews his attentions to the wine, vowing that if Sarastro should send his lions to drive him away, it would be all in vain—but, on the appearance of one, his fright is excessive, until the lion is driven off by the sound of Tamino's flute. In a subterranean chamber, Sarastro, surrounded by his Priests, causes Tamino and Pamina to exchange adieus previous to Tamino's undergoing the other trials which are awaiting him. Papageno is diverted from following Tamino by a Priest, who, at Papageno's request, supplies him with a cup of wine, shortly after drinking which he beholds an old woman, who makes violent love to him, and frightens him into giving her his hand, on doing which she is transformed into a beautiful young one, attired in the same style as Papageno. He delightedly offers to embrace her, when the earth opens and Papageno sinks. Pamina, traversing a garden, in despair at deeming her lover to be untrue, is in the act of destroying her life with a dagger, but is prevented by the three Genii, who console her by asserting that she is still beloved. A tremendous mountain is next shown, at the foot of which is a deep cavern, with an iron grating in its recesses, from which flames arise. Tamino is informed that he who pursues this path passes through ordeal by fire, air, earth, and water, and becomes purified with the knowledge of the mysteries of Isis. Pamina enters—the lovers embrace, Pamina vowing to share all his dangers. Tamino now, sounding his flute, passes through the fire, and is followed by Pamina. They successively undergo each ordeal, amidst various transformations of scenery, and are then seen in a temple, in the act of returning thanks. Papageno, in despair at having lost his only chance of obtaining a wife, resolves upon hanging himself, but the three Genii intervene, and in compassion bid him ring his bells and his wife will be restored, which promise, to his intense gratification, is duly accomplished. The Queen of Night, accompanied by the three Ladies and Monostatos, make a last attempt to overthrow the power of Sarastro and recover Pamina, but, amidst the raging of a furious tempest, the sceptre of the Queen is broken, and they sink through the earth. Sarastro is now seen, seated on his throne, and Tamino and Pamina, attired in the habit of the Initiated, approach him, while the attendant Priests celebrate, in a joyful chorus, the triumph of the faithful pair over all their trials.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. 1914 1916

SARASTRO, *High Priest of Isis.* Radford

TAMINO, *an Egyptian Prince, enamoured of Pamina.*

MONOSTATOS, *Chief of the Slaves.* — — — — — Kanalow.

PAPAGENO, *a Birdcatcher.* F. Austin

Orator of the Initiated.

A Priest.

Another Priest. Nelis

ASTRIFIAMMANTE, *Queen of Night.* Claire Dux

PAMINA, *Daughter of Astrifiammante.*

An Old Woman, who afterwards becomes PAPAGENA.

First Lady. }
Second Lady. } *Attendants on the Queen of Night.*
Third Lady. }

Three Boys, beneficent Genii.

Chorus of Genii, Priests, Armed Men, Slaves, &c.

The Scene lies in Egypt, in the vicinity of the Temple of Isis.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As represented at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, 1869.

TAMINO	Signor GARDONI.
PAPAGENO	Mr. SANTLEY.
SARASTRO	Signor ANTONNUCI.
L'ORATORE	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
MONOSTATOS	Mr. LYALL.
PAPAGENA	Mademoiselle SINICO.
ASTRIFIAMMANTE	Mademoiselle ILMA DI MURSKA.
PAMINA	Mademoiselle TITIENS.

[Il Flauto Magico.]

Inutile è il corso; il sibilo sento!
Gran Nume del Cielo! che insolito gelo!
Aita! nel seno vien meno il valor.

[*Sviene.—S' apre il tempio, e sortono le tre Damigelle della Regina della Notte coperte di un velo.*

Damigelle. Vinto è già il mostro; già il mostro perì.
Vittoria! vittoria! il braccio nostro
L' impresa compì! L' estremo fato
Lo sventurato, per noi fuggì.
[*Guardando Tamino.*

Primo Dama. Qual leggiadro giovinetto!
Secondo Dama. Mai non vidi un più bel volto!
Terzo Dama. Certo par fra i Genj eletto.
[*Sempre guardando Tamino.*

A. tre. Se piagarmi amor destina,
M' arda fiamma ognor sì bella
Sù compagne alla Regina,
Via si rechi la novella;
Il garzon forse a quell' alma,
La sua calma renderà.

Primo Dama. Partite? orsù, di noi
Qui sola io resterò!

Secondo Dama. No, no; de' giorni suoi
La cura io prenderò.

Terzo Dama. No, no; meglio di voi
Difender lo io saprò.

A. tre. Io partire?—ah non fia vero!
Sole qui? vago è il pensiero.
No, no; quest' esser non può!
Oh! potessi al dolce amore
Tutti offrir gli affetti miei;
Seco trarre i giorni, e l' ore.
Ma lo vietano gli Dei!
Meglio sia partir di quà.
Tu riposa, o vago, addio;
A momenti, idolo mio,
La tua fida tornerà. [*Partono.*

Of the cunning serpent a certain victim.
Merciful gods! it even now approaches!
Oh, save! oh, protect me!

[*He falls fainting.—The temple opens, and three veiled Ladies, attendants on the Queen of Night, come forth.*

The Ladies. Die, monster, by our hands.
Triumph! triumph! it is accomplished.
'Tis an heroic deed! By the courage
Of our arm he is freed.
[*Looking at Tamino.*

First Lady. A noble youth! gentle and handsome!
Second Lady. So handsome as I ne'er have seen.
Third Lady. Yes, yes; handsome enough to be painted.
[*Still looking at Tamino.*

All three. Could I my heart to love devote,
'Twould be to this fair youth.
Let us to our Princess hasten,
To her this news to impart.
Perhaps this young and handsome man
May bring her back her former rest.

First Lady. Go, then, and tell the news,
And I, meanwhile, will stay.

Second Lady. No, no; go you yourself!
I will watch over him.

Third Lady. No, no; that cannot be—
I will remain to guard him.

All three. I should away—ha, ha! how good!
They'd gladly be with him alone.
No, no; that cannot be.
What would I give
If I but with this youth might live,
That is, all by myself.
It cannot be. They do not go,
It's best, then, that I go myself.
Thou handsome and lovely youth!
Thou gentle one, farewell,
Till I see thee once again. [*Exeunt.*

whilst Pap
lutely obey
declares h
if Sarastr
one, his f
chamber,
to Tami
Tamino
which h
hand, c
Papag
traver
with a
belove
gratir
passe
myst
Tam
undergo each ...
the act of returning thanks. ...
resolves upon hanging himself, but the three ...
and his wife will be restored, which promise, to his ...
Queen of Night, accompanied by the three Ladies and Monostatos, ... of a furious temp...
the power of Sarastro and recover Pamina, but, amidst the raging of a furious temp... seated on his throne, ...
the Queen is broken, and they sink through the earth. Sarastro is now seen, seated on his throne, ... Tamino and Pamina, attired in the habit of the Initiated, approach him, while the attendant Priests celebrate, in a joyful chorus, the triumph of the faithful pair over all their trials.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. 1914 1916

SARASTRO, *High Priest of Isis.* Radford

TAMINO, *an Egyptian Prince, enamoured of Pamina.*

MONOSTATOS, *Chief of the Slaves.* Kanalow

PAPAGENO, *a Birdcatcher.* F. Austin

Orator of the Initiated.

A Priest.

Another Priest. Nelis

ASTRIFIAMMANTE, *Queen of Night.* Claire Dux

PAMINA, *Daughter of Astrifiammante.*

An Old Woman, who afterwards becomes PAPAGENA.

First Lady. } *Attendants on the Queen of Night.*
Second Lady.
Third Lady.

Three Boys, beneficent Genii.

Chorus of Genii, Priests, Armed Men, Slaves, &c.

The Scene lies in Egypt, in the vicinity of the Temple of Isis.

IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

(THE MAGIC FLUTE.)

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—TAMINO *inseguito da un Serpente.*

Tam. Oh! stelle! soccorso! nell' aspro cimento,
Inutile è il corso; il sibilo sento!
Gran Nume del Cielo! che insolito gelo!
Aita! nel seno vien meno il valor.

[*Sviene.—S' apre il tempio, e sortono le tre Damigelle della Regina della Notte coperte di un velo.*

Damigelle. Vinto è già il mostro; già il mostro perì.
Vittoria! vittoria! Il braccio nostro
L' impresa compì! L' estremo fato
Lo sventurato, per noi fuggì.
[*Guardando Tamino.*

Primo Dama. Qual leggiadro giovinetto!
Secondo Dama. Mai non vidi un più bel volto!
Terzo Dama. Certo par fra i Genj eletto.
[*Sempre guardando Tamino.*

A. tre. Se piagarmi amor destina,
M' arda fiamma ognor sì bella
Sù compagne alla Regina,
Via si rechi la novella;
Il garzon forse a quell' alma,
La sua calma renderà.

Primo Dama. Partite? orsù, di noi
Quì sola io resterò!
Secondo Dama. No, no; de' giorni suoi
La cura io prenderò.
Terzo Dama. No, no; meglio di voi
Difender lo io saprò.
A. tre. Io partire?—ah non fia vero!
Sole qui? vago è il pensiero.
No, no; quest' esser non puo!
Oh! potessi al dolce amore
Tutti offrir gli affetti miei;
Seco trarre i giorni, e l' ore.
Ma lo vietano gli Dei!
Meglio sia partir di quà.
Tu riposa, o vago, addio;
A momenti, idolo mio,
La tua fida tornerà. [*Partono.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—TAMINO, *followed by a Serpent.*

Tam. Help! oh help! or else I am lost,
Of the cunning serpent a certain victim.
Merciful gods! it even now approaches!
Oh, save! oh, protect me!

[*He falls fainting.—The temple opens, and three veiled Ladies, attendants on the Queen of Night, come forth.*

The Ladies. Die, monster, by our hands.
Triumph! triumph! it is accomplished.
'Tis an heroic deed! By the courage
Of our arm he is freed.
[*Looking at Tamino.*

First Lady. A noble youth! gentle and handsome!
Second Lady. So handsome as I ne'er have seen.
Third Lady. Yes, yes; handsome enough to be painted.
[*Still looking at Tamino.*

All three. Could I my heart to love devote,
'Twould be to this fair youth.
Let us to our Princess hasten,
To her this news to impart.
Perhaps this young and handsome man
May bring her back her former rest.

First Lady. Go, then, and tell the news,
And I, meanwhile, will stay.
Second Lady. No, no; go you yourself!
I will watch over him.
Third Lady. No, no; that cannot be—
I will remain to guard him.
All three. I should away—ha, ha! how good!
They'd gladly be with him alone.
No, no; that cannot be.
What would I give
If I but with this youth might live,
That is, all by myself.
It cannot be. They do not go,
It's best, then, that I go myself.
Thou handsome and lovely youth!
Thou gentle one, farewell,
Till I see thee once again. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Sogno, o pur vivo ancor? Qual m'è serbato Sovrumano poter? Come! A miei piedi estinto il mostro! [*Si sente di nuovo un suono.*] Intesi un suon! Qual loco, fia questo mai? S' appressa alcuno. Undiamo.

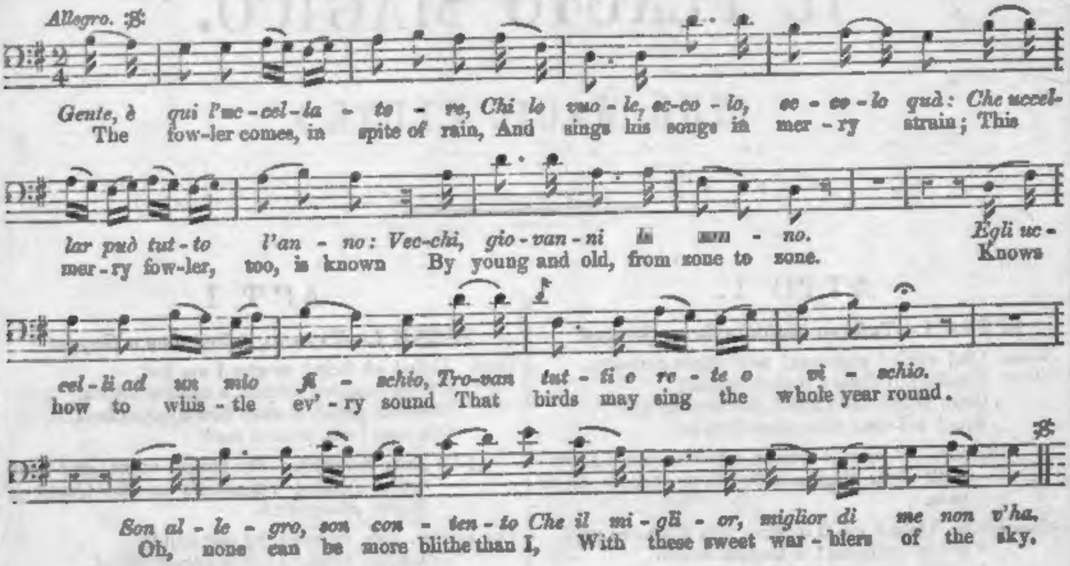
SCENA II.—Papageno, Tamino.

Tam. Where am I? What! the poisonous snake lies dead beside me? [*A sylvan Flute is heard in the distance.*] What do I see? A man approaches through the valley.

SCENE II.—Papageno, Tamino.

GENTE E QUI L'UCCELATORE—THE FOWLER COMES, IN SPITE OF RAIN.

Air. Papageno.



Gente, è qui l' uccellatore,
Chi lo vuole eccolo quà.
Che uccellar può tutto l' anno;
Vecchi e giovani lo sanno:
Di donnette une dozzina
Per zimbelli aver vorrei,
E venire a me vedrei
Tutte le altre in quantità.

The fowler comes, in spite of rain,
And sings his song in merry strain.
This merry fowler, too, is known,
By young and old, from zone to zone.
A net for maidens I should like
Would catch the pretty dears by dozens;
I'd shut them safely up at home,
And never let them forth to roam

Tam. Olà!
Pap. Cos' è?
Tam. Chi sei?
Pap. Bella domanda! Un' uom, non vedi; e tu?
Tam. La tua figura, le piume, il passo dubitar mi fanno!
Pap. Che mi credi un' uccello?
Tam. Eh lascia!
Pap. Orsù bel bello, fatti indietro, perchè queste due mani han forza di gigante: e quando acchiappo, s' ha paura va ben; s' è bravo, io scappo.
Tam. Ha forza di gigante! oh amico! ah forse! Io ti debbio la vita? Ah! tu quel serpe orribile uccidesti?
Pap. Che serpe? [*Guarda il serpe e si tra indietro.*] Ah, che bestiaccia! è vivo, o morto?
Tam. E del grato mio core il tributo ricusi, modesto ai par che forte?
Pap. E' morto, è basta; non se ne parli più.
Tam. Ma tu senz' armi. Dimmi come l' hai vinto?
Pap. Io colle dita finisco la facenda in un momento ed oggi più che mai saldo mi sento.

Tam. Holla!
Pap. What's that?
Tam. What art thou, friend?
Pap. What am I? a man, like thyself; dost not see?
Tam. Thy figure, thy step, and these feathers, make me doubt.
Pap. Do you, then, take me for a bird?
Tam. Well, something like it!
Pap. Hold back, and do not rouse my anger, for I have a giant's strength, if I lay my hands upon any one.
Tam. A giant's, said'st thou? then it was thou who conquered the serpent?
Pap. Serpent! [*Looking at the serpent in astonishment.*] Ah! is it dead or alive?
Tam. But how couldst thou conquer him? Thou hast no weapon.
Pap. I require none: my hands serve for weapons.
Tam. But could'st thou, without a weapon?
Pap. These fingers were sufficient; I never felt stronger than I do to-day.

SCENA III.—*Tre Damigelle velate e detti.*

Damigella. Papageno!

Pap. Capisco; guarda, amico. Queste vengon per me.

Tam. Per te? chi sono?

Pap. Non lo so nemmen' io: ma tutti i giorni visitan questa gabbia; e in ricompensa, mi portano liquor, frutte, e ciambelle.

Tam. Sembran vaghe donzelle.

Pap. Quando coprono il viso, è brutto segno.

Damigella. Papageno! [*In collera.*

Pap. Che vuol dire, che siete oggi sì indiavolate? Via, ragazze, guardate; oggi abbiam buone prese.

Primo Dama. La Regina. Manda quest' aureo ordegno, Perchè i labbri ti chiuda.

[*Gli applica un luchetto alla bocca.*

Secondo Dama. [*A Tamino.*] Osserva è questo. Della sua figlia il volto. [*Gli da un ritratto.*] L'onor ti guidi; addio! [*Parte.*

Primo Dama. Papageno, buon dì. [*Parte.*

Terzo Dama. Non beve v troppo. [*Parte.*

SCENA IV.—Tamino, Papageno.

ARIA.

Tam. Oh! cara immagine, e senza eguale;
Che non v' ha simile idea mortale.
Sento nel petto, sento che ignoto
Celeste moto m' agita il cor.
Io quest' affetto non so che sia;
Ma l' alma mie s' empie d' ardor.
Forse amor m' ha il sen piagato,
Ma' l' usato amor non è
Se a mi parla un sol' istante
Mi conduce amico sorte!
Ah! vorrei stringela al sen;
E vorrei vivere amante,
Fra le dolci sue ritorte;
O per lei morire almen.

SCENA V.—*Due Damigelle,* Tamino, *et* Papageno.

Primo Dama. Giovine avventurato, tutto udì la Regina; i guardi, i moti.

Secondo Dama. Osservò del tuo volto; aperto è il corso di tua felicità. Pari all' amore, se quell' alma ha valore, disse, salva è mia figlia, egli è felice.

Tam. Salva! che avenne?

Primo Dama. A lei l' amata figlia tolse poc' anzi un rapitore indegno.

Tam. Ah! fu rapita! ah! Pamina! ah! mia vita [*Smaniosa.*] Ah! chi colà mi guida? andiamo; io vado. Volo a salvar Pamina; giuro sù questo cor? [*Si sente una forte strepito di musica grave e maestosa.*] Qual suon! che fia?

Primo Dama. La tremenda armonia precede la Regina: ella si appressa.

Secondo Dama. Ecco che giunge. [*Tuona.*

Terzo Dama. È dessa.

SCENA VI.—La Regina *del Tempio, e detti.*

RECITATIVO.

Reg. Oh non temer, amato figlio,
Un innocente giovane tu sei.
Un giovan come tu sa consolare
Il cuore d' una madre, aime! che piange.

SCENE III.—*The same.—Three Ladies.*

The Ladies. Papagero!

Pap. Aha! they call for me! Look around, friend.

Tam. For thee? Who are these ladies?

Pap. Who they really are, is more than I know. I only know that they daily take my birds, and that, in return, they give me wine, and cake, and figs.

Tam. They are, doubtless, very beautiful.

Pap. I should think not!—or why hide their faces?

The Ladies. Papageno! [*Angrily.*

Pap. What makes you all so cross to-day? Here, dear ladies, are the birds.

First Lady. From the Queen I bring this golden padlock to close thy mouth.

[*Puts the padlock on his lips.*

Second Lady. [*To Tamino.*] See, this picture the great Princess has sent to thee. [*Gives him a picture.*] It is the likeness of her daughter. Adieu! [*Exit.*

First Lady. Papageno, good bye. [*Exit.*

Third Lady. Drink not too much. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Tamino, Papageno.

AIR.

Tam. Oh, beauteous form, with semblance fair,
No mortal may with thee compare!
What rapture does the sight impart,
What mingled feelings thrill my heart.
Oh, say from whence these tumults rise,
And fill this bosom with surprise?
Perchance 'tis love that wakes such bliss;
For 'tis no common feeling, this.
One moment might those eyes behold
The form whose semblance here I hold!
To clasp the fair one to my heart,
Would every mortal wish impart!
Till death would I her slave remain,
Nor ever murmur at the chain.

SCENE V.—*The Ladies,* Tamino, *and* Papageno.

First Lady. With courage, oh, most gracious youth, now arm thyself; the Princess——

Second Lady. Has commanded that your happiness be complete. If this youth, saith she, possesseth as much courage and valour as tenderness of heart, my daughter is surely restored to me.

Tam. Restored! What do I hear?

First Lady. An evil demon stole the beauteous maid away.

Tam. Carried off! Where does the tyrant dwell? [*Distressed.*] Come, lead me to his haunt. I fly to save Pamina, even with my life. [*Solemn and majestic music is heard.*] Ye gods, what's that?

First Lady. This is the harmony which heralds our good Queen.

Second Lady. Behold, she comes! [*Thunder.*

Third Lady. 'Tis she.

SCENE VI.—*The* Queen *of the Temple, and the same.*

RECITATIVE.

Queen. Fear not, beloved son;
Your innocence and piety are known to me!
It is your's, wise youth, it is your's to put an end
To the sorrows of an afflicted mother.

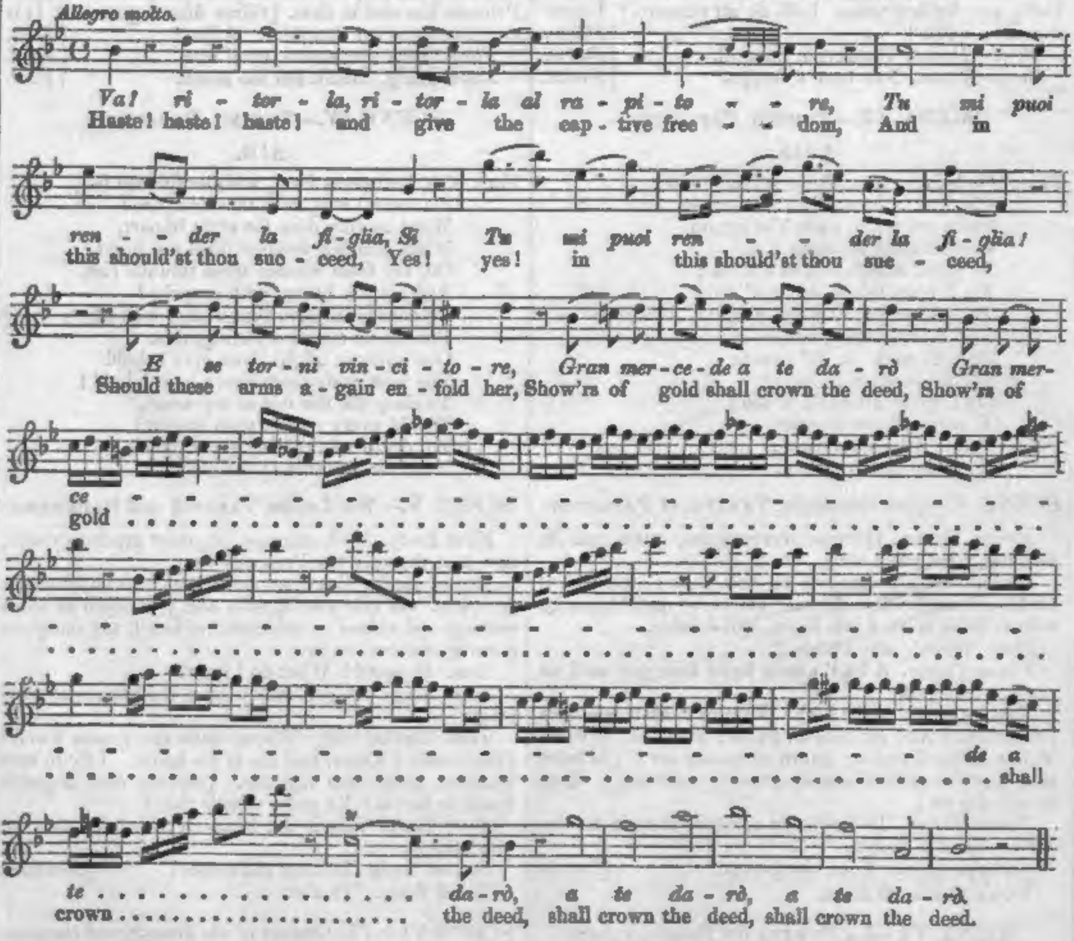
ARIA.

Condannata a soffrir l' amato figlia
Ho da pianger dal fianco mio rapita]
Un barbaro, un crudel me la rapì.
Terribil momento,
O crudo spavento,
Il suo tremare,
Il suo lagrimare,
Suona ancor nel mio core.
O ciel! la misera gridò,
Ma per salvarti cara figlia,
La tua madre non bastò.

AIR.

Here, 'mid griefs and dread alarms,
I weep the livelong night and day;
A daughter from my longing arms,
Torn by barbarous hands away.
I saw, imploring aid,
The struggles that she made;
I heard the accents wild,
The wailings of my child:
Still the sounds impart
Chill horror to my heart.
To Heaven the lov'd one cried in vain.
Nor could a mother's arm restrain
The monster's rage, or aid obtain.

VA! RITORLA!—HASTE! HASTE! HASTE! AIR. THE QUEEN.



[*Parte con le tre Damigelle.*

[*Exit with the Three Ladies*

SCENE VII.—TAMINO, *indi* PAPAGENO.

Tam. L' udii—la vidi—è vero?
O vaneggiò co' sensi
L' ingannato pensiero? Oh! amor, tu reggi

SCENE VII.—TAMINO, PAPAGENO.

Tam. Have I heard? have I seen her?
Is it true? or is it but a delusion?
Oh, love, direct this hand, this steel!

Questa man, questo ferro. Ah! secondate,
Gran numi, i voti miei!
Saprò pugnar, saprò morir per lei!
[*Vuol partire; Papageno lo trattiene, facendogli vedere il lucheito sulla bocca.*

Pap. Hum! hum! hum!
Tam. Perchè menti? mentir non lice;
Quell' infelice ammutolì.
Pap. Hum! hum! hum!
Tam. Che far poss' io nel tuo tormento?
Indarno io sento di te pietà.
Pap. Hum! hum! hum!

SCENA VIII.—*Le tre Ninfe, ed i suddetti.*

Primo Dama. [*Gli leva il lucchetto dalla bocca.*]
L' alta dea già ti perdona,
Ed il labbro ti sprigiona.
Pap. Può Papageno dunque parlar?
Secondo Dama. Parlar sì, ma non mentire.
Pap. Io mentir?—mai più; nò, no:
Damigelle. E per te / E per me fia questo il pegno,
A. cinque. Se ogni accento mentitore
Sempre chiuso il varco avesse,
Sulla frode, e sul livore
Regnerebbe amore, e fà.
Primo Dama. [*Dà un flauto d' oro a Tamino.*]
A te cortese—un nobil dono
La Dea stellifera—ecco inviò.
Nell' alte impresse—l' eletto suono
Ti può difendere—guidar ti può.
Secondo Dama. Per lui scoprir—dell' alme i voti,
E puoi dei cor—reggere i moti.
Gli affanni il misero—si scorderà;
L' alma più gelida—amar saprà.
A. cinque. Ah! maggior fia questo dono
Che nol sono—i serti, e l' or,
Se per lui, se più felice
Render lice—il mondo ancor.
Pap. Orsù belle—damigelle,
Me ne vò—con buona grazia.
Damigelle. Non partir, che la Regina
Ti destina—ad opra audace.
Tu del prence omai seguace,
Va Sarastro a debellar.
Pap. No: ragazze; troppo onore—
Da voi pur l' intesi già
Che colui di tigre ha il core,
Che di me senza pietà
Farà tosto un lesso, un rosto,
E a' suoi can mi getterà.
Damigelle. Teco è il prence; a lui ti fida,
Ei tua guida—ognor sara.
Pap. Eh! il prence vada—alla malora,
Che a me piace di campar.
E, quando accada—il prence ancora
Mi potrebbe abbandonar.
Primo Dama. Via prendi; questo dono è sol per te.
[*Gli dà una machinetta di legno, il suono della quale promove l' allegria.*
Pap. Oh! quà dentro cosa c' è?
Secondo Dama. V' è un dolce squillo; l' odi suonar.
Pap. E tintinar—io lo potrò?
A. cinque. L'uccellatore—sì si io può.
Si quel flauto, sì quel suona

Oh, ye gods, favour my vows!
What a pleasure to fight
And to die for her!
[*Offers to go, but Papageno stops him, and points to the padlock on his lips.*

Pap. Hm! hm! hm!
Tam. He was guilty of a falsehood,
And for a punishment he is struck dumb.
Pap. Hm! hm! hm!
Tam. I can only pity thee,
I have no power to aid.
Pap. Hm! hm! hm!

SCENE VIII.—*The Three Ladies.—The same.*

First Lady. [*Takes the padlock off Papageno's lips.*]
The Queen is merciful,
And remits thy punishment through me.
Pap. Now may Papageno chatter on?
Second Lady. Yes, chatter, but never lie again.
Pap. I ne'er will lie again—no, never.
The Ladies. Let this be the pledge.
All five. If every tongue, when falsehood speaking,
Could have a lock to make it whist;
Instead of gall and scandal seeking,
Love and friendship would exist.
First Lady. [*Presenting a golden Flute to Tamino.*]
The goddess, who thy cause befriends,
To thee this noble present sends:
Its wondrous music has the power
To guide thee safe in danger's hour.
Second Lady. The bosom's wish it can reveal,
And tell the vow the heart would seal.
Its sounds the wretch's woes remove,
And melt the coldest heart to love.
All five. So, this magic flute is more
Than gold and kingdoms worth:
All grief and sorrow turning
To joy, o'er all the earth.
Pap. And now, ladies,
With your leave, I'll go.
The Ladies. Thou could'st freely go, but that
The Princess here commands thee
With the Prince to go thy way
Unto Sarastro's tower.
Pap. I thank her for the honour—
But even from yourselves I've heard
That he's a very tiger;
And that this said Sarastro
Would have me plucked
And roasted for his dogs.
The Ladies. Think on the Prince, he will protect thee,
And thou his faithful guide shalt be.
Pap. The Prince may risk his royal being!
But I more value mine.
He may repent when all too late:
I'd rather, now, decline.
First Lady. Nay, take this jewel—'tis for thee.
[*Gives him the Magic Flute and Bells, which produce a magical sound.*
Pap. Eh, eh! what has it got within?
Second Lady. Within thou hear'st that bells are ringing
Pap. Can I so play it, lovely ladies?
All five. Oh yes, the birdcatcher himself.
Silver bells and flute of magic,

Vostro scudo ed arme sono.
Nostro cari addio:
Convien partire vi guidi onor.

Tam. e. } Deh! belle dite? Deh! per pietà.
Pap. } Dove il nemico si troverà?

Damigelle. Tre bei garzon lucenti
Sull' ali d' oro a voi dal ciel verrano.
Essi il sentier—v' additerranno
Quei condottier—uopo è seguir.

Tam. e. } Tre bei garzon lucenti
Pap. } Sull' ali d' or verranno?

Damigelle. Essi il sentier—v' additerranno
Quei condottier—uopo è seguir.

[*Partono.*

SCENA IX.—*Camera Egiziana.*—MONOSTATO, PAMINA, *condotta da schiavi.*

Mon. Colomba tenera, venite quà!
Pam. Che monstro orribile! che crudeltà!
Mon. Morir, morir, dovete!
Pam. La morte non pavento.
Ma d' una madre—il fier tormento,
Ah! che la pena—l' ucciderà.
Mon. Ehi! schiava, una catena

[*Gli schiavi l' incatenano.*

La mia rabbia hai da provar.
Pam. Deh! la mia morte affretta;
Se non sai barbaro—sentir pietà
Mon. Olà, ola,—vò sol con lei restar.

[*Gli schavi partono.*

SCENA X.—PAPAGENO *e detti.*

Pap. Chi mi dice ove io mi sia?
Buono affe? c' è compagnia;
Or vediam, vediam, cos' è.
Ragazza vaga, e bella;
Più chiara d' una stella.

Pap. e. Mon. [*Vedendosi si spaventono.*]
Ah! qualche diavolo, costui—ea—rà.
Misericordia—per carità—
Ah! ah! ah! [*Fuggono tutti due.*

SCENE XI.—PAMINA, *indi* PAPAGENO.

Pam. Madre! madre! ah! m' ascolta! [*Parla in sogno.*] Come! io respiro ancora? ancor mi batti. [*Rinviene, e guarda intorno con timore.*] Questo povero core—ah? ch' io risorge per soffrir nuovi affanni!—quando vi placherete, astri tiranni!

Pap. Che pazzo da legare, lasciarmi spaventare da quel brutto mostaccio! Oh! sta qui sola quella ragazza ancora. Fosse la figlia della gran signora, Regina della Notte?

Pam. Regina della Notte? garzon, che chiedi?

Pap. [*Con gravità affettata.*] Un messo son dell' Astrifiammante.

Pam. Oh ciel! che dici? Della tenera madre? Come t' appelli?

Pap. Papageno. Il nomo spesso udii ma te non vidi.

Pam. Dunque la mia conosci madre, e regina?

Pap. Lei conosco bene, ma non la sua figliuola.

Pam. Io sono.

Pap. Or ora, Lo vedremo, aspettate, [*Tira fuori il ritratto.*] Occhio, sì nero, bocca stretta (va ben); labbri di foco—(meglio); naso un pò riccio—(ottima-

Shielding all who bear their tones.
Fare thee well, may honour crown,
And may'st thou win a fair renown.

Tam. & Pap. } Fair ladies, tell us now, we pray,
Where we this monster may waylay?

The Ladies. Three winged youths will fly before ye,
And point you out the way;
Follow the counsel they may give.
Farewell! away, away!

Tam. & Pap. } Three youths, with golden wings, will rise
And point us out the way.

The Ladies. Fare thee well—to stay were vain—
Farewell, farewell, until we meet again.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE IX.—*Egyptian Room.*—MONOSTATOS, PAMINA, *conducted by Slaves.*

Mon. Thou pretty little darling one!
Pam. Oh, wretched martyr! direful pain!
Mon. How precious is thy love!
Pam. The pains of death I fear not;
But thou, my mother, pin'st in grief,
With none to bring thy heart relief.
Mon. Ah! slaves, there! let her straight be bound:

[*Slaves put chains on Pamina.*

My rage shall sure be sated.
Pam. Oh, let me rather dead be found,
If thus to worse than woe I'm fated.
Mon. Away, and leave us two alone.

[*Exeunt Slaves.*

SCENE X.—PAPAGENO.—*The same.*

Pap. Where am I now? where can I be?
Aha! I see some people;
I'll even venture in.
A maiden, young and fair,
With garments rich and rare.

Pap. & Mon. [*Seeing each other.*]
That is the devil, sure as fate.
Have mercy, and commiserate.
Ah, ah, ah. [*They run off.*

SCENE XI.—PAMINA, *afterwards* PAPAGENA.

Pam. Mother! mother? [*Talks in her sleep.*] How, am I still alive? [*Awakes, and looks anxiously around.*] Yes, my heart still beats. Alas! to more afflictions I awake. When, oh ye pow'rs, will ye be appeased.

Pap. Must I not have been a fool to have allowed myself to be thus frightened! Here is the lovely maiden still! perhaps the daughter of the Queen of Night!

Pam. The Queen of Night? Who art thou?

Pam. [*Pompously.*] An ambassador from Astrifiamante.

Pam. Heavens! What did you say? My dear mother? Your name?

Pap. Papageno. That is the name I am known by.

Pam. And thou knowest my mother?

Pap. The Queen I know, but not her daughter.

Pam. I am she.

Pap. Just let me look. [*Taking out portrait.*] Black eyes—(right); mouth small—lips red—(better); nose rather turned up—(exactly); Hair, dark brown—(very

mente); Pelo castagno scuro—(a meraviglia.) Fin qui tutto somiglia. Ma v' è una differenza. Gambe, e mani vi trovo, e questo è senza. [*Guardando il ritratto.*

Pam. Lascia, lascia, ch' io veda—ah, sì, son' io! Da chi l' avesti?

Pap. Da una mano all' altra; passò, lunga è la storia venite, o non venite!

Pam. E il principe—e l' amora—orsù. Perdona! Là dove prende—Amor ricetto, facil s' accende—ancor Pieta!

beautiful). So far the likeness is good, but you have legs and arms, and this has neither.

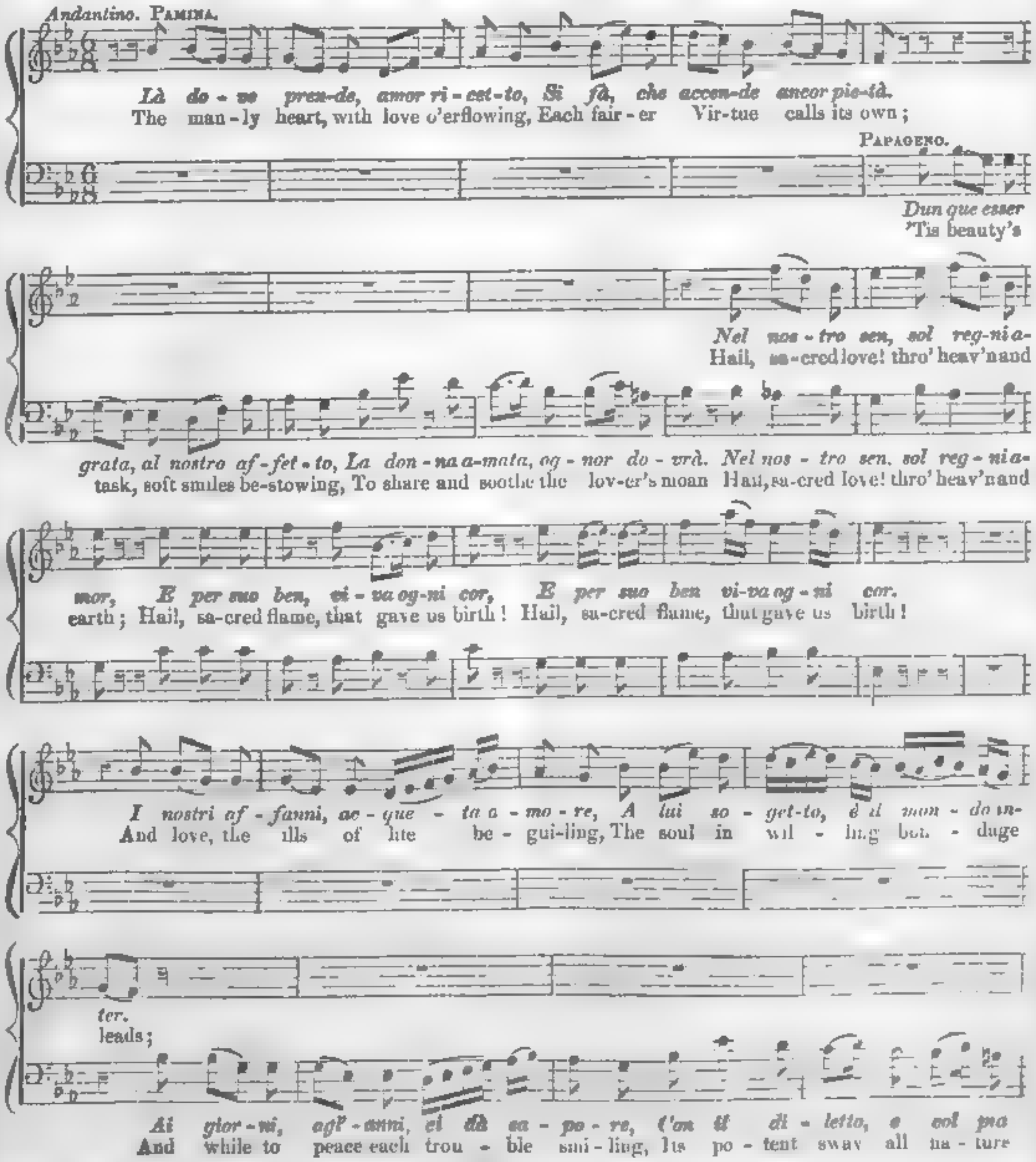
[*Looking at the Portrait.*

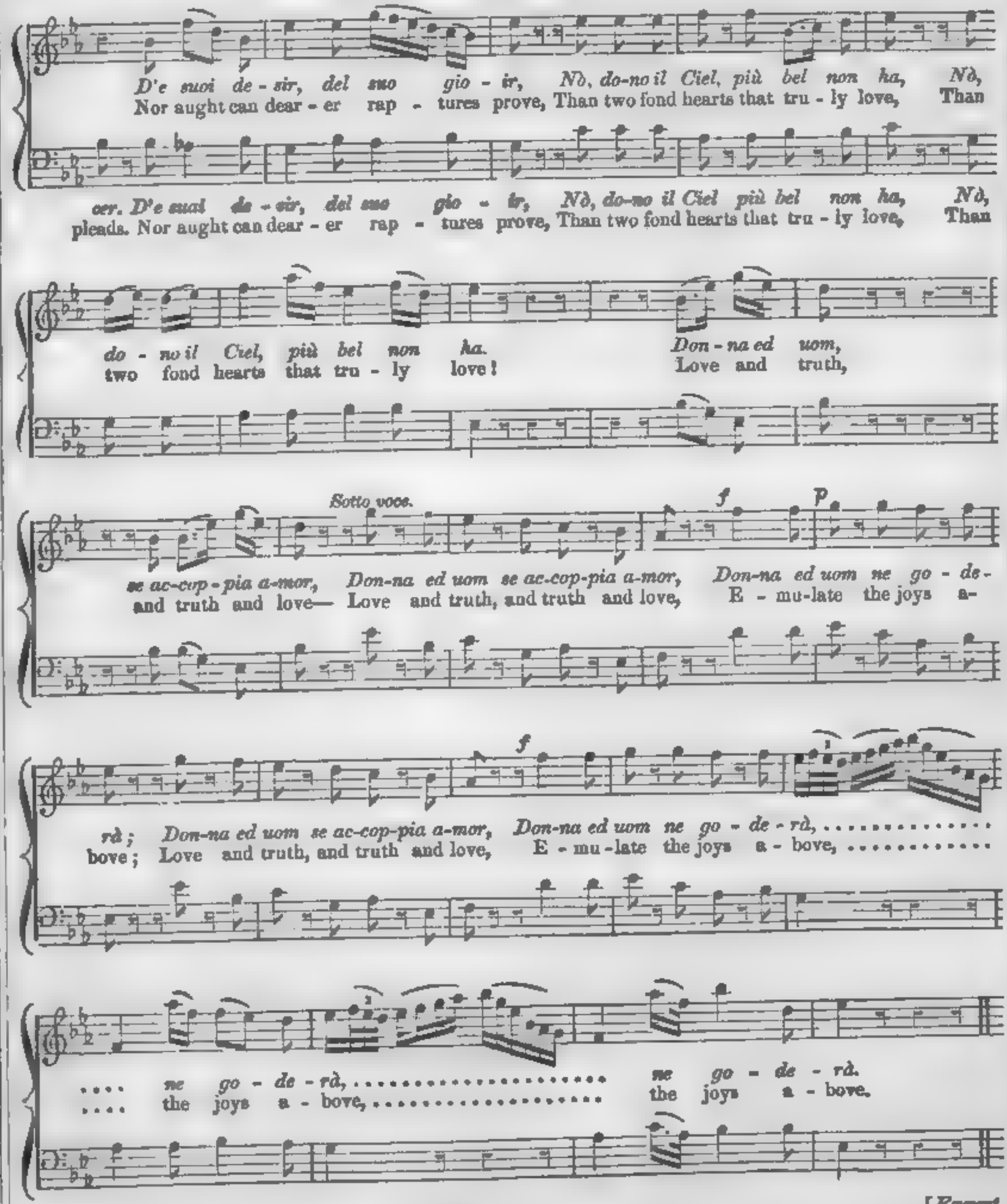
Pam. Permit me—yes, yes, 'tis I. From whom did you get it?

Pap. Well it was given from one to the other, but the story is a long one. The Prince is dying for you; will you come or no?

Pam. Pardon me—I come. Love has inflamed my heart, and all my sympathies awakened.

LA DOVE PRENDE—THE MANLY HEART. Duet. Pamina *and* Papageno.





[*Partono.*

SCENA XII.—*Boschetto. E Tempio.—Il Genj, con rami di fiori in mano conducono* TAMINO.

FINALE.

Il Genj. Te guida a palma nobile
Garzon l' altero segno;

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—*A Sacred Grove.*—TAMINO *and Three Boys.*

FINALE.

The three Boys. To the goal this path will lead thee,
But thou, oh youth, must bravely conquer;

Ma fiane il pegno
Indomita constanza—fede, e silenzio.
Tam. Oh! amici, voi dite almen,
Se la Pamina salvar potrò?
Il Genj. Lo chiedi invan; rammenta
Sol di serbar costanza, fede e silenzio.
Pensa, pensa, o Signor, qual esser dei,
E spera allor, palme, e trofei.
[*Partono i Genj.*

Tam. Numi, que' detti istessi,
Sempre vivranno entro il mio core impressi.
Oh ciel! che veggio! Che fia di me?
De' Numi il seggio questo fors' è?
Ah! tutto d' intono, ah! parmi che dica;
Quì l' util fatica, quì l' arti han soggiorno.
Industre sudore, se l' ozio fugò,
Mal fermo, Signore, là il vizio regnò!
Dell' anima accesa—si segna l' ardor:
E nobil l' impresa—e puro il mio cor.
Sì, tremi il rapitor! Salvar Pamina
È mio dover.
Di dentro. Arresta!
Tam. Arresta? All' altra porta dunque si vada.
[*Va alla porta a sinistra, e sente una voce come sopra.*
Di dentro. Arresta!
Tam. Quì pure alcun m' arresta?
[*Si guarda intorno.*
Per l' entrata maggiore
Alfin si tenti penetrar.
[*Batte alla porta di mezzo, ed esce un vecchio Sacerdote.*
Sac. Dove stranier t' inoltri?
In questo tempio, audace, che cerchi?
Tam. D' onore il seggio, e di virtù.
Sac. Favella—degna d' un nobil cor.
Ma come speri? giungervi mai?
Tuoi duci amor, virtù, non son;
Vendetta e sdegno te guidan solo.
Tam. E' ver, ma contro un empio.
Sac. Che quì trovar non si potria.
Tam. Sarastro, dì, non è quì, Signor?
Sac. Sì, sì, Sarastro e' quì, Signor.
Tam. Nel tempio regna egli pur?
Sac. In questo loco istesso ei regna, è vero.
Tam. Oh Dio! dunque mendace e' quì virtù.
[*Vuol partire.*
Sac. Garzon, così t' affretti?
Tam. Sì, vuò partir; sì fuggo;
Fremo a mirar quel tempio.
Sac. Meglio ti spiega almen, forse t' inganna misero error.
Tam. Sarastro è vostro re; saper di più non curo.
Sac. O morte attendi, ovvero
Rispondi; non partir.
Tam. Dunque Sarastro! sì, io sempre l' odierò.
Troppo m' è nota l' alma rea;
Non tolse Pamina al sen della sua madre?
Sac. È vero, ei Pamina rapì.
Tam. Deh! tu m' addita ove l' asconde.
Ah; forse immolata già fù!
Sac. M' impone, o figlio—santo dover
E di guardar—e di tacer.
Tam. Ah! questo arcano mi svela almen.
Sac. Voler sovrano, me 'l chiude in sen.
Tam. Deh! quando fia che il vel si tolga?

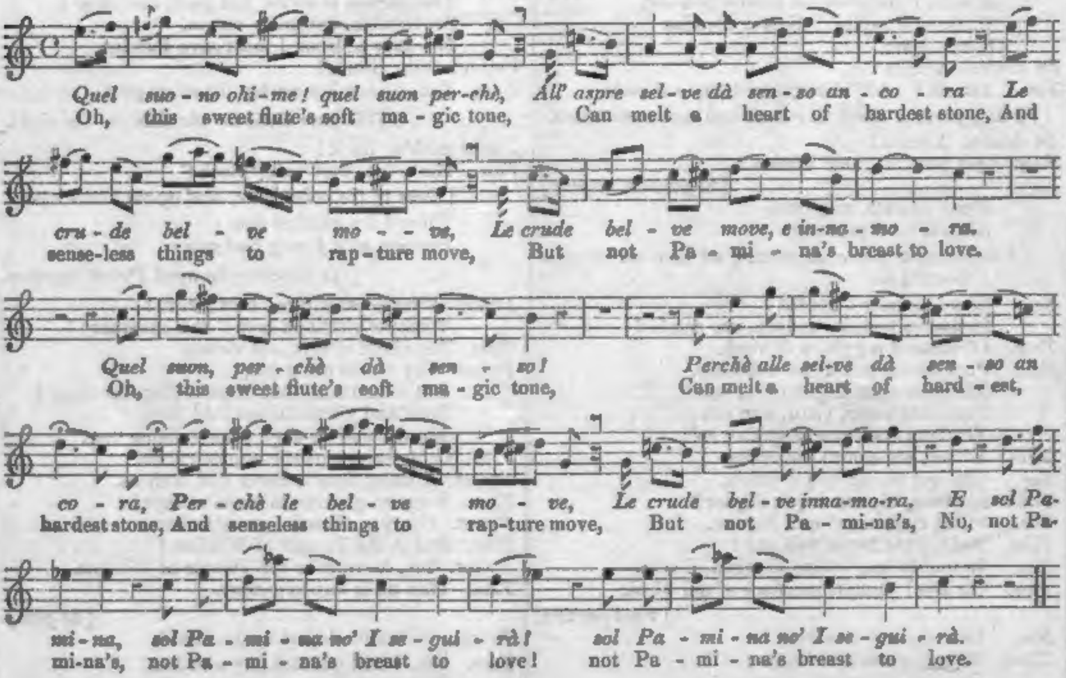
Still thou must our caution hear,—
Be steadfast, patient, and discreet.
Tam. Ye gracious fairy ones, oh say,
Whether Pamina I may save.
The Boys. To make this known is not for us.
Be steadfast, patient, and discreet.
Think of our words, and be a man;
Then, oh youth, thou'lt chance to conquer.
[*Exeunt.*

Tam. The wise instruction of these youths
Be ever on my heart engraved.
Where am I now? what will come next?
Is this the dwelling-place of all the gods?
The portals show, and so the pillars,
That industry and art abound.
Where industry full sway obtains,
Vice no more can hold the reins.
I will venture boldly into the portals.
The purpose is noble, and pure, and clear:
So, tremble, cowardly villain,
My duty tells me I must save Pamina.
Voices within. Back!
Tam. Back! then I must try the other gate.
[*He goes towards the door on the right.*
Voices within. Back!
Tam. Here, too, they call, 'Back!'
[*Goes to the other gate, and again hears voices.*
There I see another door;
Perhaps at it I may find entry.
[*He knocks—an aged Priest appears.*
Priest. Whither wilt thou, bold youth?
What seek'st thou here i' this sanctuary?
Tam. The abode of love and virtue.
Priest. Thy words are noble,
But where dost thou hope to discover these?
Love and virtue do not lead thee,
Murder and revenge alone inflame thee.
Tam. Only for vengeance on the villain.
Priest. A thing thou'lt never find with us.
Tam. Sarastro governs in these valleys?
Priest. Yes, yes, Sarastro governs here.
Tam. But in the Temple of Wisdom?
Priest. Yes, he rules in the Temple of Wisdom.
Tam. Then all is but hypocrisy.
[*Is going.*
Priest. Wilt thou depart again, then?
Tam. Yes, I will go, and gay and free,
Never more your temple see.
Priest. Explain thyself to me: a mistake deludes thee
Tam. Sarastro governs here, that is enough for me!
Priest. If thou lov'st life, speak—here thou must remain
Sarastro dost thou hate?
Tam. I hate him—yes, and ever shall!
The robber, without pity, tore
Pamina from her mother's arms!
Priest. Yes, youth, what thou say'st is true.
Tam. Where is she whom he stole away?
Perhaps by this time sacrificed?
Priest. To tell thee this, dear sir,
Is more than I may venture.
Tam. Explain this riddle—deceive me not.
Priest. My tongue is bound by oath and duty.
Tam. When will it be releas'd?

Sac. Ascolta. Quando dal ciel—scesa amistà,
A un cor fedel—ti stringerà. [*Parte.*
Tam. Oh strani detti! e chi v' intende? I rai
Quando vedrò del giorno?
Coro di dentro. Oggi, o non mai.
Tam. Oggi, intesi; o non mai!
Deh! Nume ignoto,
Parla: Pamina, vive ancor?
Coro. Sì figlio—Vive Pamina ancor.
Tam. Vive? Respiro. [*Cava il flauto.*
Grazie, Numi del ciel. Oh! se spiegarvi
Sapessi almen, quel che nel core io sento,
In ogni accento, i grati sensi miei.
Dome sfogar vorrei!
[*Si tocca il core, e suona.*

Priest. So soon as friendship's hand shall lead thee
To the sanctuary of th' immortal union. [*Exit*
Tam. Oh night, how soon wilt thou have vanished?
When will my eye have found the light?
Some voices. Soon, youth, or never.
Tam. Soon, you say, or never?
Ye invisible ones, oh, tell me,
Does Pamina still live?
Voices. Pamina still lives.
Tam. She lives! I thank thee. [*Takes his Flute.*
Thanks, ye celestial deities!
Oh, could I by this express
The feelings of my heart,
It's every tone would speak my gratitude.
[*Puts his hand upon his heart, then plays.*

QUEL SUONO OHIME! QUEL SUON PERCHE—OH, THIS SWEET FLUTE'S SOFT MAGIC TONE. AIR. TAMINO.



Pamina, ascoltami.
Ah! vano è già! deh! chi a lei guidami?
[*Suona di nuovo, e Papageno risponde di dentro.*
Ma non m' inganno, è quello di Papageno il suono.
[*Torna a suonare; Papageno risponde.*
Chi sà, s' ei vien, già la scoprì?
Chi sà? il mio ben forse il seguì.
Chi sa? già, invitami a lei così. [*Parte.*

Pamina, hear, oh, hear me!
In vain! where, can I hope to find thee?
Plays again; Papageno answers.
Ha, that's Papageno's dulcet tone!
[*He plays again; Papageno answers.*
Perhaps he has already seen Pamina;
Perhaps she comes in haste to me;
Perhaps these notes will lead me to her. [*Exit.*

SCENA XIII.—PAPAGENO, *e* PAMINA *in libertà.*

A 2. Piede snello, ardito cor
D' ogni mal mi liberò.
Ma Tamino il tuo/mio Signor,
Dove mai ei si ficcò?

SCENE XIII.—PAPAGENO, PAMINA.

Both. Nimble feet, and dauntless courage,
May save us from the foe's dread rage.
Could we but Tamino find—
Else they will sure surprise us.

Pam. Caro bene.
Pap. Zitto, zitto. Il mio pifero è miglior.
[*Suona e Tamino gli risponde di dentro col Flauto.*
A 2. Ah speranza del mio core?
Noi Tamino ascolta già.
Vien di quà: di là lo sento,
Qual contento fia mai questo!
Presto, presto a lui si vada.

SCENA XIV.—MONOSTATO, *e detti.*

Mon. Presto, presto a lui si vada
Ah! v' ho colti a mezza strada;
Corde, e ferri per costoro.
Chi sia il Moro, lo vedrete;
Di Monostato burlarvi?
Tosto in carcere anderete;
Là vi voglio incatenar.
Pam. e Pap. Ah! per noi non v' è pietà.
Mon. Presto, schiavi, presto olà!
[*Vengono schiavi con catene.*
Pap. Coll' ardir tutto si fà—
Campanin! campanin mio
Fa sonare il tintinnio
In que' petti maledetti.
[*Suona Monostato e gli schiavi si scostano, rapiti dal suono, ballano, e cantano.*

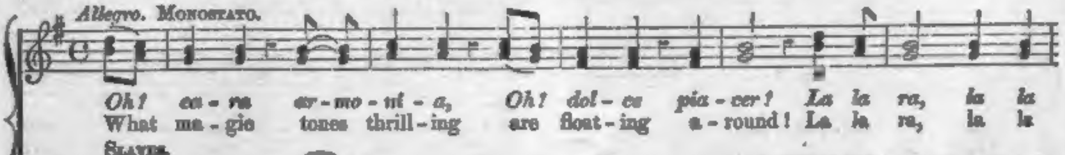
Pam. Gracious youth!
Pap. Hush! we are not yet out of danger!
[*He whistles; Tamino answers with the Flute.*
Both. What joy can be greater?
Friend Tamino already hears us.
This way came the sound of the flute!
Oh what joy, when I shall find him.
Quick! quick! let us hasten!

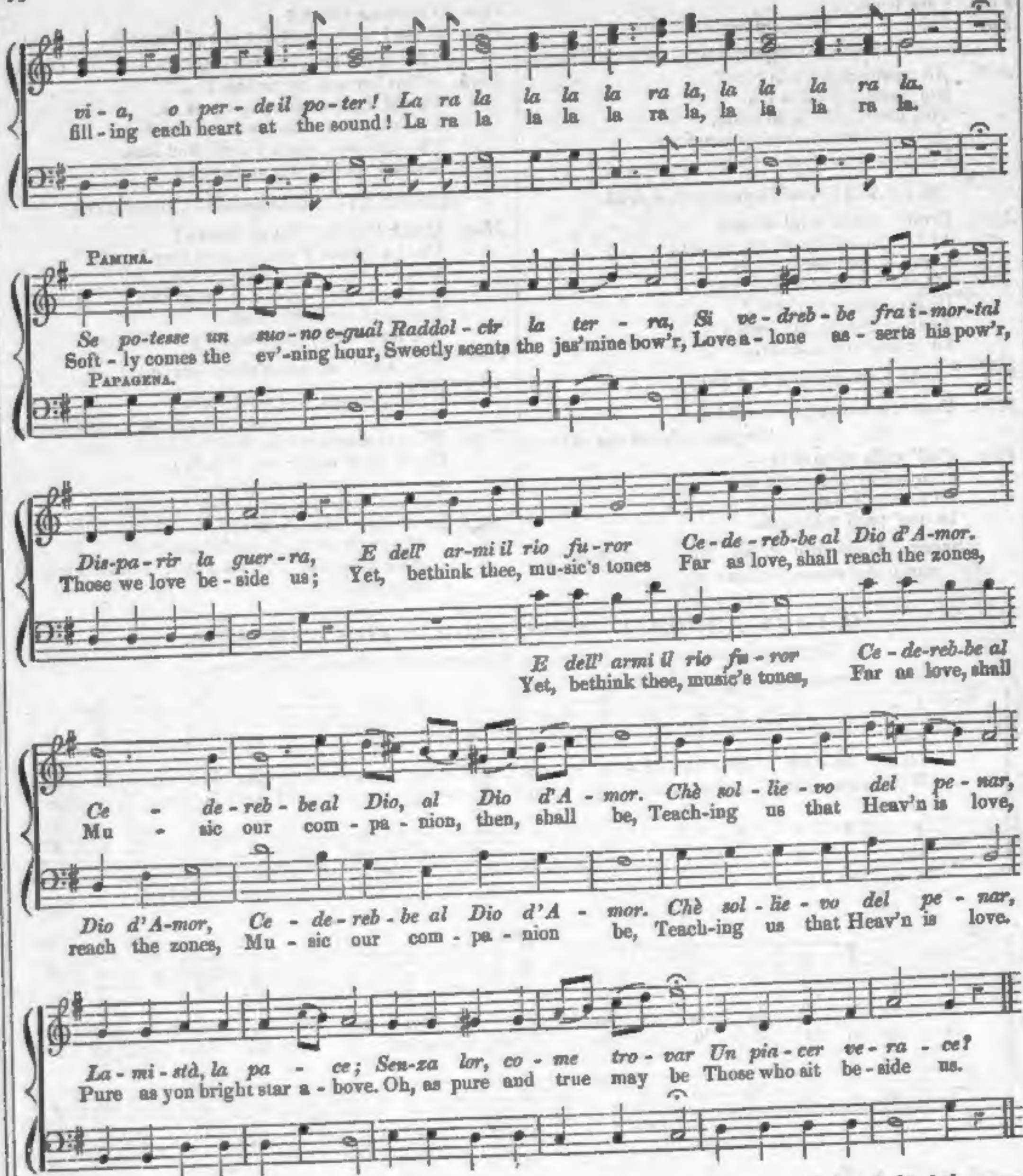
SCENE XIV.—*The same.*—MONOSTATOS.

Mon. Quick! quick! let us hasten!
Ha, ha! have I caught you then?
Quickly bind these daring ones;
And now we'll have a word or two.
You shall not deceive me,
Nor lead me by the nose, I promise you.
Pam. & Pap. Alas! we never shall escape.
Hither, slaves, and bind them!
[*Enter Slaves, who bind them.*
Pap. Who ventures much, much ofttimes wins.
Come, thou magic set of bells;
Let your tiny music sound,
And set their ears a tingling.
[*He strikes the Instrument.—Monostatos and Slaves draw back, and dance and sing: at the same time the Priests enter, and dance and sing also.*

O CARA ARMONIA.—WHAT MAGIC TONES THRILLING.

DUET and CHORUS. MONOSTATO, PAMINA, PAPAGENA, *and Slaves.*





[Di dentro una gran marcia di strumenti.

Coro. Evviva Sarastro—si serbi all' impero!
Pap. Ahi! ahi! che disastro—Salvarmi non spero.
Pam. Oh! ciel: che mai—Sarà di me?
Già vien Sarastro—Sarastro, ohimè!
Pap. Oh! fossi un topo almen,
Che un buco troverei;
E un miglio nel terren
Nasconder mi vorrei!

[Music behind the scene.

Long live Sarastro! Sarastro live for ever!
Pap. What can this mean! I tremble! oh, I shudder!
Pam. O friend, we are lost for ever,
This announces the great Sarastro.
Pap. Oh, were I but a mouse,
That I might hide myself;
Were I a lowly snail,
I'd creep into my house.